

# The St. Johns Herald

O. E. Overton, Publisher

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One can't help wondering what Russell Sage will do with his.

Andrew Carnegie's monument has already been erected, and it is visible from any point of view.

The humorist who called it the "Austrian riot-stag" was very fortunate in his choice of pronunciation.

A Georgia colonel had a man arrested for "looking mean" at him. The man was fined \$5 for rubbing with intent to scare.

The abstinence habit is growing in America. It is a drug that makes the man who drinks if a deadlier idiot than he was before.

It is estimated that one-third of the inhabitants of the earth are habitual users of tobacco, and in most cases had tobacco at that.

If some men were offered President Schwab's salary of \$1,000,000 a year, they would work a couple of months or so and then quite for life.

The Governor of Guam denies that he hid in a cellar at the time of the big hurricane last fall, and adds that there are no cellars in Guam. The alibi seems to be established.

Mrs. Frank Leslie paid \$5,000 for her new title and was not compelled to take a new husband with it. Here is a pointer for other ambitious American women with the title craze.

William Waldorf Astor has directed that his new book shall not be published or sold in this country. Knowing how Willie Wally feels toward us, this consideration upon his part was hardly to have been expected.

A Brooklyn woman was not angry because her husband shot at her, and missed her, but she wanted him properly punished for shooting the nose off her "lovely teapot." Every woman can understand her feelings.

A doctor told a woman's club that 22,000,000 American women are afflicted with floating kidneys because of bad corsets. What a loose kidney or two compared with the pleasure of being neatly and expensively gowned!

A Boston man, who is being sued for breach of promise, in one of his letters to the girl called her "my darling, my darling, my life, my soul, my everything, my Anna." And it is commonly supposed that Boston people are cold.

A man has had his stomach cut out, fixed up and put back again. The doctors called it gastroenterotomy and considered it a most interesting operation. The person who underwent the ordeal has not yet expressed his opinion of it, but he is still living.

The hostility to machinery which prevails to so great an extent in even the most progressive European countries was manifested in no uncertain manner in several of the textile factories of Spain this week. The operatives struck because it was proposed to modernize portions of the plants, and in one center they wrecked the quarters of a manufacturers' club, besides several private houses. The employees closed their plants, some 18,000 workpeople being locked out.

A man committed suicide in Texas after sending his wife this telegram: "Thirty-five to-day; a failure." This was to abandon the struggle very early; and a man who could be thus discouraged when there were before him so many opportunities to retrieve mistakes, was not the sort of man who ever could have made any independent achievement in life. For such, however, there is always the recourse of giving themselves over to the routine service of others more capable and more daring; and life lived in the faithful performance of this kind of labor cannot be accounted a failure.

Some men simply refuse to grow old. They work and work. They wear out, but there is no rust in their joints. They are hustling at 60, and active at 70, and death has to search for them in their places of business. That is a kind of existence that brings its own reward and its own pleasures, for the man who finds happiness in his work is always cheerful. Happiness generally means long life. The more happiness the more years and the more capacity for enjoyment. Every day when the hands of the clock reach 12:20 a long train on the Big Four pulls out of the Grand Central depot in Cincinnati. On the platform is a smiling old man in uniform—that is, you would call him old, and he would indignantly tell you that he is only a boy, as yet. That little old man has been conductor of that train for thirty-four years. He was running a train ten years before that. He has been nearly fifty years a railroad man, and has figures to show that he has covered over three million miles, and he wants to round out at least another million before he makes his last run. "Do all things in moderation; don't spend money foolishly, and keep your mind on your business." That is his theory of life. He is living proof that there is good in that theory, for he is hale and hearty, and, above all else, happy, at a time when most men are thinking of dying.

Andrew Carnegie is building a monument. Just how high it will be no man can tell, for who can name the number of Carnegie's days? There are many millionaires in America. They give. They do more or less good, according to their lights, but most of them are quietly resting in their coffins when the world is told that they desired to benefit humanity. Carnegie is shoveling his money out and getting all the enjoyment possible from the operation. He wants to see every stone that goes into his monument. He likes to give, and gratifies his passion. The other day he celebrated his retirement from business by handing over \$500,000, under conditions, to those of his

old employees who feel the need of it most. That is a great deal of money. A century ago few men possessed so much. It was a fabulous fortune then, and it is a big fortune now. Measured in muscle it means years of toil for an army of men. Measured in the Carnegie treasure chest, it is a drop, for it is money that he did not need. And here is the peculiar part of the whole transaction: Mr. Carnegie did not attempt to play the philanthropist. He plainly told the men who contributed to his millions, who made him the rich man that he is, that he knows all about it, and that they are entitled to the money. He told them that labor and capital were twin brothers, and that neither took precedence. He also said that whoever came between them was the enemy of both. He knew that circumstances, better brains, keen eyes to recognize opportunity, and the courage to seize it, had taken him from the ranks of men who toil for others and made him a master dependent on the toilers. "I've only just begun giving," said the rich man, as he sailed away to his castle in Scotland. We can all wish his long life. Those of us who are selfish can base the wish on purely mercenary grounds—a desire to see a great fortune returned to the people—while those of us who see a big heart throbbing with good impulses in a millionaire's breast can ask that he be spared many years to purchase more happiness with the money he has made.

It is perhaps a sufficient indication of the true greatness of some of Benjamin Harrison's qualities that his stature seems to have grown rather than diminished since his retirement from office. Never a man of strongly magnetic personality, his career as a politician contrasted strikingly with that of some of his contemporaries. No orator would have thought of dubbing him a "plumed knight." If his character was as firm as that of Cleveland, it was with a kind of ascetic firmness which did not arouse enthusiasm. While he was elected as a representative of the principle of tariff protection, he was not the creator of that issue in the Senate that Cleveland or McKinley was, and his memory is not inseparably linked with that of any enthusiastic campaigner war cry. His administration, seen in the light of the most recent events in American history, seems to have been singularly placid and uneventful. His figure, nevertheless, has not been lost to view, and although in the eight years following his retirement he has kept silence most of the time the public was significantly ready to listen whenever he opened his lips. The country had reason to appreciate the value of his legal learning, his tact and his keen penetration when he accepted the commission to take part in the Venezuela settlement, but it was less on account of these qualities than for his poise, stability and capacity for original judgment that the public seems to have remembered him. He was able with the kind of ability that turns itself to good purpose in whatever general or special lines it may be directed, winning distinction for him as lawyer and as soldier, and again in the hall of the Senate. Had some trying crisis arisen during his occupation of the Presidency there is little reason to doubt that he would have been equal to it. Possibly it is because there was no such crisis that he went out of office credited with a "safe" and conservative administration, but without the promise of an exceptional fame in the line of Presidents. Had Mr. Harrison been spared, his influence must have been a factor of increasing importance in leading the public to a sense of the real needs of the nation. His death will call forth the tributes inevitably due to an ex-President who has acquitted himself with honor, but the regret will be accentuated by the feeling that even in his position as a private citizen he might yet have performed a service of great value and importance.

**A Heroic Remedy.**  
There is a little boy in Colorado Springs who, according to Facts, likes to help entertain his mother's visitors, and eagerly listens to the conversation. Tommy also has an aunt of whom he is very fond and who has a bad cold, causing him much anxiety. A few days ago, while his mother was comparing notes on housekeeping with a friend, Tommy thought he heard something which would cure Aunt Susie's cold. About supper time he disappeared, which, however, did not excite any comment. The family sat down to supper and one by one the dishes were tasted and set aside until each member began to wonder what ailed the cook. Tommy's expression convinced them that he could throw some light on the subject, and when cornered he admitted that he had put red pepper into every dish while the cook was out, because Mrs. ——— said red pepper was good for the ants, and he wanted to cure Aunt Susie.

**The Honorable Highwayman.**  
Sam Rawson occasionally said a good thing, and one of those occasions happened to be the town meeting. The people of Sam's village could not understand how the money appropriated for the roads had vanished with such poor results. A stretch of road, running past Sam's house, was in notoriously poor condition, although Sam declared that he had paid liberally to have it put in good order, and there was general interest when Sam rose to make his statement before the selectmen. "I'd just like to say one thing," he drawled, heedless of the fact that he had interrupted an indignant neighbor. "I don't want to make any fuss, but I'd just like to ask the honorable board of highwaymen—"

That was as far as he could get. A roar of laughter swept over the town meeting and showed its effects in the red faces of the "highwaymen." In ninety-nine weddings in a hundred, the guests are impressed with the fact that the bride is dressed for a man worth ten times the income of the groom. Never began a good-natured talk with a man who has just started a fire that threatens to go out. Some men have such unfortunate dispositions that they work against their own business.

## PORTO RICAN WEALTH

INDUCEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE AND CATTLE RAISING.

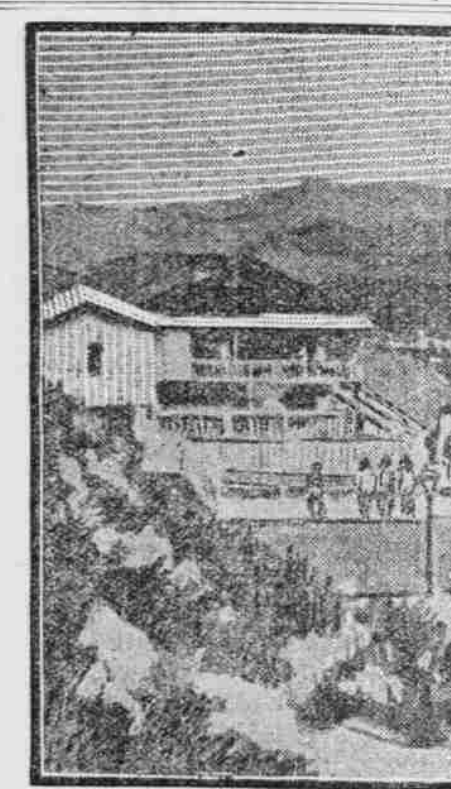
Government Reports Facts Encouraging to Investors—Cultivation of Sugar Cane and Tobacco Insurance Handsome Profits—Railways and Roads Needed.

People in search of reliable information about Porto Rico will find a lot of valuable statistics in the official report of the census of the island, issued by the United States War Department. The census was taken under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Sanger, who has made his report a document of unusual interest.

While agriculture is now the principal source of wealth to Porto Rico, says Colonel Sanger, the early settlers were for many years engaged in cattle raising, and this is still an important industry, the rich and luxurious pastures and many streams providing all that is necessary for this purpose. It may be said that all fruits and vegetables adapted to a tropical climate will yield abundantly in Porto Rico, and this is especially true of the coffee tree, the sugar cane, and the tobacco plant, the three staples of most importance in the order named, and grown widely over the island.

"In Porto Rico the select and renowned coffee is produced between 200 and 800 meters above the sea level. At this elevation are found the towns of Yauco, Lares, Maricao, Utuado, Cayey, etc., which form the productive region of the renowned coffee of Porto Rico. This region, which includes something more than the southern quadrant of the island, is characterized by a climate of perpetual spring. The constant breeze refreshes the atmosphere and the frequent rains equalize the seasons so that not even in times of drought does the vegetation suffer as occurs on the southern coast of the island, nor during the rainy season are the rains so heavy as on the north coast. Owing to these favorable climatic conditions and to the fact that the coffee groves are situated in valleys sheltered from the strong winds, and the soil, of which we will presently speak in detail, is due the enviable reputation of the coffee of the country.

**Altitude Affects Coffee Growth.**  
"In the central range of Porto Rico is the Sierra Luquilla, which has an



COFFEE PLANTATION IN LARES.

elevation of 1,500 meters above the level of the sea, and it is observed that above the middle height of this mountain coffee groves do not exist. Whether owing to the climate or to the soil, which may be unsuitable, where grow only some shrubs in thickets and some worthless herbs, it is true that after 800 meters have been passed the coffee is not seen, and all attempts to grow it at that altitude have been without results.

"Coffee growers modify the climate by employing shade—that is, they plant their coffee groves beneath the shade of a grove of thick trees, as for example, the huacraes, guaba, jobo, guanama, mango, etc., and under the banana trees when the coffee groves are young. "The coffee grows on hills of low elevation, associated with many other trees, which afford shade, modify the temperature, and protect the coffee from hurricanes and torrential rains. The composition of these coffee soils is variable, but in all of them sand predominates, and on the surface there is an abundant covering, the product of the decayed vegetation of the forest. The land which produces the renowned coffee of Porto Rico, as to its physical appearance, seems to be a very fine clay, and when it rains becomes as slippery as soap, and transit at such times is dangerous. It has a red color when moist, and when squeezed through the fingers resembles in its color and smoothness the oxide of iron paint, but when dry it becomes very hard.

"There are small plantations where the cultivation is both intelligent and intense, which produce thirty quintals (3,000 pounds) and more per hectare (two and one-half acres), but this is exceptional, for there are lands in the same region which scarcely produce one quintal (100 pounds). An average crop, taken from the different classes of land, and taking into account also the variations that occur from year to year, a production of from ten to fourteen quintals per hectare may be counted on as the result of fairly intelligent cultivation."

The coffee tree is completely developed and producing after seven years if the conditions under which the growth has been perfected have been favorable. Otherwise it will need ten years, and the product will never compete with that of a good, sound tree. The cost of one cuerda (about one acre) of good coffee up to the date of production will average \$180, United States currency.

When the tree is four years old it will not produce sufficient to cover expenses, and if the soil is not of the best quality the conditions will be the same after five or six years. In such districts of this department (Mayaguez)

as Las Marias and Maricao, the produce of one cuerda (acre) will range from 200 to 1,200 pounds. A fair average will give for every cuerda 400 pounds. The topographical conditions of the coffee-growing districts are such, and the hills so steep, that the only agricultural implement that can be used with effect is the common machete, or chopping knife. It is used for clearing the ground and for making the holes.

The total cost of a hundredweight of coffee ready for market, including expenses for cultivation, is from \$10 to \$12, Porto Rican money, equal to \$6 to \$7.50 United States currency. (This is about what Rio coffee sells for on the wharf at New York.) The produce is shipped in bags, containing each from 55 to 100 kilograms.

The quality of the Porto Rican coffee is excellent, and the principal markets have been Cuba and Spain, but very little having been imported into the United States, where it is not well known. Under favorable conditions the coffee crop of Porto Rico is easily worth from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Being protected by the good climate, the Porto Rican sugar cane industry is an important one. Coast lands, cleared, which receive rains or irrigation and retain humidity some time without becoming swamped, are good for the sugar plant; these lands not situated high above the level of the sea, near the coasts, which are flooded by large rivers in extraordinary freshets, but which on account of their natural location and great depth are quickly drained, receive the name of tierras de vega, and are those used for the cultivation of sugar cane everywhere. These lands in general are alluvial lands, and are very rich in fertilizing elements.

**Cultivation of Sugar Cane.**  
Sugar cane may be produced in Porto Rico, where the soil is sandy and loose, at \$24.50 (American money) per acre. Cutting the cane will cost \$2.40 an acre more. To manufacture a 1,200-pound hoghead of sugar from the cane costs \$6. Besides these there are various other items of expense, such as terminal charges, transportation, and shrinkage. This latter is an important item, ranging from 6 per cent on steam vessels to 10 or 12 per cent on sailing craft. In 1897 Porto Rico produced 126,827,472 pounds of sugar, for which the planters received \$3,782,465, or a fraction less than 3 cents a pound.

As in Cuba, the tendency is toward large plantations, with central mills for grinding. Comparatively few of the

copies of the "scientists" seem to be known, according to the Medical Record, for among the South Sea-Islanders no man falls sick or dies from natural causes. They would argue, if called upon to analyze their belief, that health is the natural condition, and that every departure from it must be caused by supernatural agency, and since disease is an evil, you must look for its agents among those who wish you evil.

Thus far they are at one with many good people in Europe, who take comfort in the thought that every visitation of sickness is a divine judgment for their sins, but savages push their logic further. Their gods do no mischief for mischief's sake, and since all men have enemies, and are all free to invoke the unseen powers for either good or evil, the sick man has only to make his choice among the number of his ill-wishers and charge his heirs to avenge him.

## HIDDEN TREASURE.

Better than Captain Kidd's—It Was Found.

One of New York City's most famous hoards in the early days of this century was John Hunter, of Hunter's Island, which is now a part of Pelham Bay Park. In the fine old mansion still standing on it, which he built, in 1807, for a country home, and in his town house at 7 State street, he entertained in a lavish and splendid manner, gathering often as many as forty guests at a time around his table. The silver that helped to make these banquets princely was as famous in its day as its owner's good cheer, and there was a story connected with it, too.

## HOUSEKEEPING IN PARIS.

Every Convenience Is Provided, but Still It Has Its Disadvantages.

Housekeeping difficulties vary in different lands, but are never entirely lacking. A writer in Harper's Bazar introduces American readers to one of the drawbacks of the system of housekeeping practiced in Paris.

Housekeeping ought to be all a delight, one would think, in a house where there is no washing nor ironing to be arranged for, where bread, cakes and pies have not to be baked, and there is no breakfast to prepare. Moreover, when company comes unexpectedly the fortunate housekeeper has only to run round the corner and buy a delicious morsel in the shape of a fowl rarely roasted.

The little details of every-day life also are very manageable in this Parisian home. There is no difficulty in prevailing upon the concierge to attend to the stove, wait at table, run errands, polish floors, and do the thousand and one odd jobs that are the bane of a housekeeper's existence.

But let no one believe that the mistress of a Parisian household is without her trials. Chief among them is the principle of caste, and next comes "the son in the frame." The French cook does the marketing, and for every frame she spends she gets a son; and, human nature being what it is, it is unnecessary to add that the cook likes best to do her shopping where she will spend the greatest number of francs.

When it is understood, further, that custom does not favor the doing of her own marketing by the Parisian housewife, it will be fairly evident that housekeeping is not without its difficulties.

"I have known but one woman in Paris who did her own marketing," says the writer, "and she was a penurious and wealthy person who was accustomed to put on a long ulster and carry home her purchases beneath it."

"One day, as she passed a courtly Frenchman, a leg of mutton dropped from the friendly shelter of the ulster and rolled over on the sidewalk. The gentleman picked it up and handed it to her. 'Madam, here is your fan,' was all he said."

## NEW BOSS O' BANTAILS.

Harry Harris, the little Chicagoan who outpointed and outgeneraled Peder Palmer at the National Sporting Club, in London, the other night, has twice been defeated, and hardly comes up to the requirements of a champion

compared with others who have held the title. He hasn't got the punch, although as clever as boxer as ever drew on the stuffed mitts. Steve Flanagan, now dead, and Clarence Forbes were the American boxers who took Harris' measure before he dreamed of crossing the big pond to conquer the old fistie world.

They say Mars is a funny world. If it is funnier than this one, it must be a freak.

## PUSS WAS A GOOD WATCH DOG.

Even Her Master Was Unable to Break Past Her Guard.

"Talk about your watchdogs," said an acquaintance of mine. "Say, I've got a cat that will beat 'em all boiler, and it's only a kitten, too."

"I went home after the city government meeting was over the other night and found the house dark and locked up. My wife was down to the club, so I out with my latchkey and fumbled around the keyhole."

"The key went in all right, and I was laughing to myself when all at once the confounded key broke off. See there," and he held up as evidence the broken key.

"Well, I went around, and found one of the windows unfastened, shoved it up and started to climb in, when gee whiz! I heard such a growling! It was my kitten. I called to him 'Kitty, kitty, kitty,' but it was no use. He didn't know me, and kept right on growling, once in a while letting out a vicious spit."

"Well, I climbed up and got my head and shoulders inside, when that cat gave a spring and landed plumb on my head. His claws stuck into my hat, and both headgear and hat fell to the floor, while I fell on the snow outside. You see, I wasn't prepared, and it came as a surprise to me."

"When I recovered everything was quiet inside, and I thought I would make another attempt. As soon as I approached the window that growling and spitting began again."

"I shooed at him and said 'scat!' But he held his ground and growled back. 'Then I tried to scare him by imitating a dog. I growled and barked to 'beat the band,' and he growled and meowed and spit back until we made such a noise a lodger in the next house shooed up his window and hollered 'Shut up!'"

"Shut up yourself," said I. "Go 'way from that house," said he. "I live here," said I.

"Then go inside and keep still," said he, and he closed the window with a bang.

"Then I tried to get in again, but the cat heard me and still confronted me. Will you believe me? I had to stay outside there and wait half an hour longer in the cold until my wife came home."

"Why, what are you doing out here without any hat on? What's the matter?" said she.

"I explained while we were going in, and what do you think? When that cat saw us coming in the proper way he came up and rubbed himself against us, purring as nice as could be."—Watertown (Me.) Mail.

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## WHEN WOMEN MAY GOVERN.

Many people have been confused by the various laws of succession which prevail in Europe. There are three different systems, the most general being that known as the Salic system, under which women are completely excluded. This is the rule in Belgium, Sweden and Norway, Italy, Denmark and Germany. That there is the German-Dutch system, under which males of all degrees of relationship take precedence of females, the throne passing to the female line only in case of the extinction of all the male lines, however remote. This is the rule in Holland—from which it takes its name—Russia, and some of the minor German states. The third system is that prevailing in Great Britain, under which females are excluded when there are males in the same degree of relationship, but take precedence of males whose degree of relationship is not so close as their own. Thus an elder daughter of the ruling sovereign of Great Britain gives way to all her younger brothers and their issue, but takes precedence of a male cousin or a nephew. This system is the rule in Spain and Portugal as well as in England.

**Surprised.**  
"It was a remarkable affair," said the little man beamingly: "one of the most original banquets I ever attended."

"In what respect?"

"Nobody once offered to sing 'For he is a jolly good fellow!'"—Washington Star.

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings That Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.**

"I am sinking for the third time!" shrieked the woman in the water. "Are you positive of this?" asked the youth who was waiting to rescue her, illy concealing his anxiety the while. "Oh, quite!" the woman protested. "For I am at this moment distinctly recalling everything in my past life. I remember the real color of my hair as if it were but yesterday that I—"

**Something New.**  
Farmer—How much for a room?  
Clerk—Two dollars up.  
Farmer—What kind of talk is that? Up our way 't' say two dollars down.

**Timely Suggestion.**



**Stage Manager—Now, Mr. Stormer, listen to me a moment.**  
Barnes Stormer (the villain)—Well, sir?

**Stage Manager—When the heroine says to you, "Do your worst!" that doesn't mean to act that way.**

## A New Commandment.

Teacher—How many commandments are there?

Small Boy—Leven.

Teacher—Eleven! What is the eleventh?

Small Boy—Keep off the grass.

## His Last Words.

Spokesman—Madam, we are a committee from the volunteer fire department, of which your late lamented husband was the respected chief, and we called to express our sympathy.

Widow—Oh, it's so kind and good of you. I know Henry was thinking of you when he passed away, for just before the end came he rose up in bed with a far-off look in his eyes, and shouted: "Turn in a second alarm! We can't handle this fire without help!"—Baltimore American.

## Covers Too Much Green.

Binks—Jinks is continually telling me what a lucky fellow you are.

Kinks—Yes; but I don't like the way he expresses it. Every time he meets me he says: "Kinks, you're a lucky man. You don't seem to have anything on your mind at all."—Indianapolis Sun.

## The First Baby.

A woman's first baby is a heavenly visitant to her, a toy to her husband, a nuisance to the neighbors, and a living to the doctor.—New York Press.

## Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Edith on her return from the show. "I saw an elephant, and he walks backward and eats with his tail!"

## Passing Fare.

Street car conductors are never beautiful. In fact, they are not even passing fare.—Philadelphia Record.

## He Would Know.

She—Papa has an absurd notion that you have money.

He—I suppose we would better let him think so.

She—Yes, but we've got to get married some time.

## Cause and Effect.

Teacher—Little boys will be punished if they tell lies.

Small Boy—Not if they don't git ketchtd.

## A Domestic Orphan.

"Are you glad your pa is in politics, Jimmy?"

"Oh, I don't mind pa goin' in—but ma—she's gone in, too."

## Stata Quo.

Mrs. Pettit—Whenever I express a desire for anything my husband never objects.

Mrs. Iz. Nord—Same with me. I can express the desire as often as I please. It never disturbs him.—Philadelphia Press.

## Organ Chieftly Concerned.

"You won't touch the cake?" his wife tearfully exclaimed. "And I made it on purpose to please you. You have no heart!"

"Perhaps not, Maria," replied the dyspeptic husband, with a weary sigh. "But I am painfully conscious of my liver."—Chicago Tribune.

## Income and Outgo.

"Gramma, pa costs me a awful lot."

"How, sonny?"

"Why, gramma, when I'm good all day he gives me a penny, and when I'm bad I have to give him a penny."

## Art Limitations.

"What kind of pictures would you hang in a dining room?"

"Well, I'd draw the line on paintings of beef on the hoof and on still life studies in canned truck."

## The Attraction.

Nell—Why did Miss Bargainass reject Mr. Bjones when he was rich and then marry him after he had lost all his money?

Belle—I suppose because he was so terribly reduced.—Philadelphia Record.